none but this.

Mar I like the new tire within excelently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines gowne that they praise so.

Hero O that exceedes they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and laced with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborne with a blewish tinsell, but for a fine, queint, graceful and excelent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero God giue me ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier soone by the weight of a man.

Hero Fie vpon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: & bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heauier, for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise tis light and not heauy, aske my lady Beatrice els, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweete Hero.

Hero Why how now? do you speake in the sicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar Clap's into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it, and ile daunce it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heels, then if your husband haue stables enough youle see he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat.

Beat. For the letter that

Mar. Wel, and you be

sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the

Mar. Nothing I, but G

fire.

Hero These gloues the

lent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I

Mar. A maide and stu

colde.

Beat. O God help me, C

profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you le

rarely?

Beat. It is not seene eno

cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some o

and lay it to your heart, it is

Hero There thou prick

Beat. Benedictus, why *bene*

benedictus.

Mar. Morall? no by m

I meant plaine holy thistel,

think you are in loue, nay bi

what I list, nor I list not to t

not think, if I would thinke

are in loue, or that you will

loue: yet Benedicke was suc

man, he swore he would ne

of his heart he eates his meat

may be conuerted I know

your eies as other women d

Beat. What pace is this t

Marg. Not a false gallop

Ursula Madame withdr

Benedicke, Don Iohn,